THE

[...]ETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense? —— We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise. ——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page;
You in majestick numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line.
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. VI.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

...AL WORKS

OF

IS... WATTS, D.D.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Poems chiefly of the Lyrick kind, sacred

I. *TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.*
II. *TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.*
III. *TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.*

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (καὶ σέβε αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγαυούς,
Τούς τε Καταχθονίους.   *Pythag. Aur. Car.*

——*Sinon Uraniæ Lyram*
Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.   Hor. Od. I. imitat.

Hail, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.——With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father.   STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.   PHILOMELA.

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HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

To her Majesty.

Queen of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love and charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd.
Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands nor complains, while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terrour dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.
The German Eagle feels her guardian dead;
Nor her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling Eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's Lion dreads the Gallick war;
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands,
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassovian hands,
Transfer their souls, and live secure; they play
In thy mild rays and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting Religion, whilst in various forms
Fair Piety shines thro' the British isles.
Here at thy side and in thy kindest smiles*
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands
To bless thy councils and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands:
There at a humble distance from the throne†
Beauteous she lies, her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd, yet not blushing nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion nor affects the shade:
Cheerful and pleas'd, she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear Sov'reign, endless vows arise,
And Zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies.
To gain thy safety; here a solemn form*
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides but bounds our wishes: there the mind†
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes; yet still beyond our vows
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terrour grows.
Princess, the world already owns thy name;
Go, mount the chariot of immortal Fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.

* The established church of England. * Ibid.
† The Protestant Dissenters. † Ibid.

The vengeance of thy rod with gen[illegible]al joy
Shall fcourge rebellion and the rival boy *;
Thy founding arms his Gallick patron hears,
And fpeeds his flight, nor overtakes his fears
Till hard defpair wring from the tyrant's foul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown controul
Our angry jars at home till Wrath fubmit
Her impious banners to thy facred feet;
Mad Zeal and Phrenzy with their murd'rous [illegible]
Fly thefe fweet realms in thine aufpicious r[illegible]
Envy expire in rage, and Treafon bite the [illegible]
Let no black fcene affright fair Albio[illegible]
Thy thread of life prolong our Golden A[illegible]
Long blefs the earth, and late afcend th[illegible]
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unk[illegible]
Nor there unfung, for by thy awful ha[illegible]
Heav'n rules the waves and thunders o'e[illegible]
Creates inferiour kings † and gives th[illegible]
commands.)
Legions attend thee a[illegible] radiant gates;
For thee thy fifter-feraph, blefs'd Maria, wa[illegible]
But oh! the parting ftroke! fome heav'nly p[illegible]
Cheer thy fad Britons in the gloomy hou[illegible]

* The Pretender.

† She made Charles the Emperour's fecond fon King of Spain, who is now Emperour of Germany.

Some new propitious star appear on high,
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be its name, with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude north wind and the rugged Bear,
...n rising wars, heal the contagious air,
...eign with peaceful influence to the southern
sphere *!

Palinodia.

...s! forgive the forward Muse
...d prophetick seals to loose,
... in Fate's eternal book)
...eep characters mistook:
the name, that glorious star;
...lendours beaming far,

... poem was written in the year 1705, in that ho-
... of the reign of our late Queen when she had
... French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of
...e present Emperour to the Crown of Spain, exerted
... for the Protestant succession, and promised inviolably
...ntain the toleration to the Protestant Dissenters. Thus
...peared the chief support of the Reformation, and the pa-
troness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages, and while she does the world this justice she does herself the honour of a voluntary retractation.

August 1. 1721.

Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray
And gave the dying nations day;
His influence sooths the Russian Bear,
Calms rising wars and heals the air;
Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the Muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

August 1. 1721.

To John Locke, Esq; retired from business.

I.

ANGELS are made of heav'nly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs,
Within their bosom flows;
But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
Men are akin t' ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

II.

He that has treafures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his fpacious mind.
Locke hath a foul wide as the fea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vaft ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

To John Shute, Efq. (now Lord Barrington) on Mr. Locke's dangerous ficknefs, fome time after he had retired to ftudy the Scriptures.

June 1704.

I.

And muft the man of wondrous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are juft refin'd)
Forfake our longing eyes?
Reafon at length fubmits [illegible] ear
The wings of Faith, and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, [illegible] ear
Her Prophet to the fkies!

II.

Go, friend, and wait the Prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And feize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likenefs bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
[illegible]re copy'd in his fon.

III.

Thus when our follies or our faults
Call for the pity of thy thoughts
Thy pen shall make us wise,
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true int'rest * in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

To Mr. William Nokes.

Friendship, 1702.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill!
The brightest minute mortals find
And sharpest hours we feel.

2. Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

3. But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

4. Oh! why should bliss depart in haste
And friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond passions cling so fast
When ev'ry joy is gone?

* The interest of England, written by J. S. Esq.

5. Yet never let our hearts divide
Nor death diſſolve the chain,
For Love and Joy were once ally'd,
And muſt be join'd again.

To Nathanael Gould, Eſq. now Sir Nathanael Gould, 1704.

I.

'Tis not by ſplendour or by ſtate,
Exalted mien or lofty gait,
My Muſe takes meaſure of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk, will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majeſtick thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boaſt
O'er fellow-minds enſlav'd in clay,
Or ſwell when I ſhall have engroſt
A larger heap of ſhining duſt,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world ſalute me loud,
My thoughts look inward and forget
The ſounding names of high and great,
The flatt'ries of the crowd.

II.

When Gould commands his ſhips to run
And ſearch the traffick of the ſea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day
And bears the weſtern mines away,
Or richer ſpices from the riſing ſun,

While the glad tenants of the shore
Shout and pronounce him senator *,
Yet still the man's the same;
For well the happy merchant knows
The soul with treasure never grows
Nor swells with airy fame.

III.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean control
Of flesh and sense, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up thro' the skies,
Farewell this barren land;
We ken the heav'nly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirits lies
And beck'ning angels stand.

To Dr. Thomas Gibson.

The life of souls, 1704.

I.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day
We hasten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away
And to the ground we tread.

* Member of Parliament for a port in Sussex.

'Tis air, that lends us life when first
The vital bellows heave;
Our flesh we borrow of the dust;
And when a mother's care has nurs'd
The babe to manly size we must
With usury pay the grave.

II.

Rich julaps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame,
And plants and roots of barb'rous name
Torn from the Indian shore.
Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,
Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
When bark and steel play well their game
To save our sinking breath,
And Gibson with his awful pow'r
Rescues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of Death.

III.

But art and nature, pow'rs and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us at last to greedy worms
A despicable prey.
I'd have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on Heav'n alone,
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to be.

IV.

Sure there 's a mind within that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vig'rous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson! the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ:
When Heav'n shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The bus'ness or the joy.

Fal[illegible]

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate;
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet and conspire to make him great,
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason, can't descend so low.

Let a broad ſtream with golden ſands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch with all his lands
That wears a narrow ſoul.

II.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy ſtore,
And proudly poizing what he weighs
In his own ſcale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of ſhining ore;
He ſpreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the ploughboy climb a tree
When Crœſus mounts his throne,
And both ſtand up and ſmile to ſee
How long their ſhadow 's grown;
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that ſhape their own!

III.

Thus mingled ſtill with wealth and ſtate
Crœſus himſelf can never know;
His true dimenſions and his weight
Are far inferiour to their ſhow.
Were I ſo tall to reach the pole,
Or graſp the ocean with my ſpan,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul:
The mind 's the ſtandard of the man.

To Sariſſa. An epiſtle.

BEAR up, Sariſſa, thro' the ruffling ſtorms
Of a vain vexing world; tread down the cares,
Thoſe rugged thorns that lie acroſs the road,
Nor ſpend a tear upon them. Truſt the Muſe,
She ſings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
We travel thro' a deſert, and our feet
Have meaſur'd a fair ſpace, have left behind
A thouſand dangers and a thouſand ſnares
Well ſcap'd. Adieu ye horrours of the dark,
Ye finiſh'd labours and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours; the twinge of real ſmart
And the falſe terrours of illboding dreams
Vaniſh together; be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.
Farewell ye waxing and ye waning moons
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill or ſetting or aſcending,
Or in meridian height: then ſilence reign'd
O'er half the world, then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witneſs'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye ſilver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round
Thoſe hours are fled. Farewell months that are gone

Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight; the sailors safe
Look far astern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boist'rous joys. A gentler Muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion, bury'd deep in night;
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.
  Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of Fate's immortal Now divides the past
From all the future with eternal bars,
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; ev'ry grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number, ev'ry pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period. O celestial point
That ends this mortal story!
  But if a glimpse of light with flatt'ring ray
Breaks thro' the clouds of life, or wand'ring fire
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor, faithless guide
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!

Should vicious Pleaſure take an angel-form,
And at a diſtance riſe by ſlow degrees,
Treach'rous to wind herſelf into your heart,
Stand firm aloof, nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: the juſt delight
That Heav'n indulges lawful muſt obey
Superiour pow'rs, nor tempt your thoughts too far
In ſlavery to ſenſe, nor ſwell your hope
To dang'rous ſize: if it approach your feet
And court your hand forbid th' intruding joy
To ſit too near your heart; ſtill may our ſouls
Claim kindred with the ſkies, nor mix with duſt
Our better born affections, leave the globe,
A neſt for worms, and haſten to our home.
  O! there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heav'nly Eden's riſing hills
With beauty and with ſweets; no lurking miſchief
Dwells in the fruit, nor ſerpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliſs,
Ripe for the taſte, but 'tis a ſteep aſcent:
Hold faſt the golden chain* let down from heav'n,
'Twill help your feet and wings: I feel its force
Draw upwards; faſten'd to the pearly gate
It guides the way unerring: happy clue
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas Wiſdom's nobleſt work
All join'd by Pow'r divine, and ev'ry link is love.

* The goſpel.

To Mr. T. Bradbury.

Paradiſe, 1708.

I.

YOUNG as I am I quit the ſtage,
Nor will I know th' applauſes of the age:
Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares
Or agonies or years;
I leave my country all in tears,
But Heav'n demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongſt ye, friends, divide and ſhare
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge thro' all the race.

II.

Hark! my fair guardian chides my ſtay
And waves his golden rod;
" Angel, I come, lead on the way,"
And now by ſwift degrees
I ſail aloft thro' azure ſeas,
Now tread the Milky road.
Farewell ye planets in your ſpheres,
And as the ſtars are loſt a brighter ſky appears.
In haſte for Paradiſe
I ſtretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd but I was paſt
Deſerts of trackleſs light and all th' ethereal waſte,
And to the ſacred borders brought;

There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from ſieges and ſurpriſe.

III.

With pleaſing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my ſoul! and view th' amazing ſcenes;
Sit faſt upon the flying Muſe,
And let thy roving wonder looſe
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon ſtands eternal here; here may thy ſight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light,
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy muſt beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleaſure thro' all thy boſom reign;
The laws forbid the ſtranger pain,
And baniſh ev'ry care.

IV.

See how the bubbling ſprings of love
Beneath the throne ariſe!
The ſtreams in cryſtal channels move,
Around the golden ſtreets they rove,
And bleſs the manſions of the upper ſkies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor ſin nor death infects the fruit,
Young life hangs freſh on all the boughs
And ſprings from ev'ry root:

Here may thy greedy fenfes feaft
While ecftafy and health attends on ev'ry tafte.
With the fair profpect charm'd I ftood,
Fearlefs I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profufe falvation from the filver flood,
Nor can excefs be there.

V.

In facred order rang'd along
Saints, new releas'd by death,
Join the bold feraphs' warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal fong:
Each has a voice that tunes his ftrings
To mighty founds and mighty things,
Things of everlafting weight,
Sounds like the fofter viol fweet,
And like the trumpet ftrong.
Divine attention held my foul,
I was all ear;
Thro' all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents roll:
I long'd [illegible]ty there:
" Could he but hear thefe notes," I faid,
" His tuneful foul would never bear
" The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
" But burft the vital chords to reach the happy dead."

VI.

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable Name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine.

Again my soul th' unequal honour sought,
Again her utmost force she brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy thought.
Thrice I essay'd and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour strain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright vision and dissolv'd the dream;
I sunk at once and lost the skies,
In vain I sought the scenes of light,
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around 'em stood my curtains and the night.

Strict religion very rare.

I.

I'm borne aloft and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold;
Mine eyes beneath the op'ning day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

II.

"Are these the things," my Passion cry'd,
"That we call Men? are these ally'd
"To the fair worlds of light?
"They 'ave ras'd out their Maker's name
"Grav'n on their minds with pointed flame
"In strokes divinely bright.

III.

"Wretches! they hate their native ſkies;
"If an ethereal thought ariſe
"Or ſpark of virtue ſhine,
"With cruel force they damp its plumes,
"Choke the young fire with ſenſual fumes,
"With buſ'neſs, luſt, or wine.

IV.

"Lo! how they throng with panting breath
"The broad deſcending road
"That leads unerring down to death,
"Nor miſs the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to ſtray upward and purſue
Th' unbeaten way to God.

V.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid ſoul afar;
Here Dorylas and Thyrſis fly,
[illegible] like a riſing ſtar;
[illegible]rin I ſaw and Fidea there,
I ſaw them help each other's flight,
And bleſs them as they go;
They ſoar beyond my lab'ring ſight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love below.

On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God;
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and thro' the low'r skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Across the road a seraph flew;
"Mark," said he, "that happy pair,
"Marriage helps devotion there;
"When kindred minds their God pursue
"They break with double vigour thro'
"The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise
My soul adores, and sings
"Bless'd be the Pow'r that springs their flight,
"That streaks their path with heav'nly light,
"That turns their love to sacrifice,
"And joins their zeal for wings!"

To Mr. C. and S. Fleetwood.

I.

Fleetwoods, young gen'rous pair!
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Try'd by a standard bold and just,
Honour, and gold, and paint, and dust,
How vile the last is, and as vain the first!

Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value 's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind, and born for death:
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

II.

The soul 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mould'ring corpse, and leaves the globe
In limbs of clay tho' she appears, [behind.
Array'd in rosy skin and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The flesh is but the soul's disguise;
There's nothing in her frame kin to the dress she
From all the laws of matter free, [wears:
From all we feel and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

III.

Rise then my thoughts on high,
Soar bey[illegible]e to die:
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods
Swift the approach and solemn is the day [on.
When this immortal mind,
Stript of the body's coarse array,
To endless pain or endless joy
Must be at once consign'd.

IV.

Think of the sands run down to waste;
We possess none of all the past;
None but the present is our own:
Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
'Tis but one short one shining hour,
Bright and declining as a setting sun:
See the white minutes wing'd with haste;
The Now that flies may be the last:
Seize the salvation ere 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here;
A closing eye, a gasping breath,
Shuts up the golden scene in death,
And drowns you in despair.

To William Blackbourn, Esq.

Casimire, lib. ii. ode 2. Imitated.

Quae tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

MARK how it snows! how fast the valley fills!
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear,
Yet the warm sunbeams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the veil away and the young green appear.

2. But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver frost there's no returning sun;

Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys are gone.

3. Then cold and winter and your aged snow
Stick fast upon you: not the rich array,
Not the green garland nor the rosy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

4. The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains
While the bright sands of health run wasting down,
And honour calls you from the softer scenes
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

5. 'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heav'nly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero race immortal kindred claim.

6. The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse has liv'd his day:
Thus, Blackmore! we should leave our names our heirs;
Old Time and waning moons sweep all the rest away.

True monarchy, 1701.

The rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor; but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide
As absolute, and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies, with a sov'reign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to Reason's throne
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes Heav'n its council, from the rolls above
Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.
'Tis not a troop of wellappointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sunbeams and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears
And treads upon them; when he stands alone
Makes his own camp; four guardian Virtues wait
His nightly slumbers and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light, he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.
In vain the harlot Pleasure spreads her charms
To lull his thoughts in Luxury's fair lap
To sensual ease (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heav'nly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noiſe
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the ſhouts
Of popular applauſe, that empty ſound,
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or ſpite or envy; in himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his tow'r, and conſcience is his ſhield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.
Now my ambition ſwells, my wiſhes ſoar,
This be my kingdom: ſit above the globe
My riſing ſoul! and dreſs thyſelf around,
And ſhine in Virtue's armour, climb the height
Of Wiſdom's lofty caſtle, there reſide
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning world.
Yet once a-day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the buſy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and buſtling in a thouſand forms
Of ſtrife and toil to purchaſe wealth and fame,
A bubble or a duſt; then call thy thoughts
Up to thyſelf to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold and great without renown.

True courage.

Honour demands my ſong: forget the ground
My gen'rous Muſe, and ſit amongſt the ſtars,
There ſing the ſoul that conſcious of her birth
Lives like a native of the vital world

Amongst these dying clods, and bear her state
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character superiour to the flesh!
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal pow'rs were only born t' obey.
This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no desire
To read his secret fate; yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn destiny
In all its charming or its frightful shape.
He that unshrinking and without a groan
Bears the first wound may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conq'ror; for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate he bears 'em well.
He tho' th' Atlantick and the midland seas
With adverse surges meet and rise on high,
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain
Mingled with flames upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,
Secure of his best life, unhurt, unmov'd,
And drops his lower nature, born for death;
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation; (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids

To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst its native rubbish, whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heav'n, th' unruinable sky.
 Thither when Fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease
Or a sharp sword that help'd the traveller on
And push'd us to our home, bear up my friend
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy brine
With steady prow: know we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss
To which we ever steer, whether as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cockboat with a little oar.
 There let my native plank shift me to land
And I'll be happy: thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless, on th' immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and must be lost.

To the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, the director of my youthful studies.

Free philosophy.

I.

Custom, that tyranness of fools
That leads the learned round the schools
In magick chains of forms and rules!
My Genius storms her throne:

No more, ye ſlaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track nor dance the round;
Looſe hands, and quit th' enchanted ground;
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate theſe ſhackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wiſe;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led like Samſon blind and bound,
But when his native ſtrength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence Rowe;
Thy gentle influence, like the ſun,
Only diſſolves the frozen ſnow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow
And chuſe their channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts ſhould be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a ſingle mind
Will thro' all Nature fly;
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of ladenſouls?
A genius which no chain controls
Roves with delight or deep or high:
Swift I ſurvey the globe around,
Dive to the centre thro' the ſolid ground,
Or travel o'er the ſky.

To the Rev. Mr. Benoni Rowe.

The way of the multitude.

I.

ROWE! if we make the crowd our guide
Thro' life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chase, and wand'ring wide
We miss th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader mind
I'd mark thy steps and tread the same;
Dress'd in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame
Nor with a vulgar air.

II.

Men live at random and by chance;
Bright Reason never leads the dance;
Whilst in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd,
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude
Have e'er a passage worn.

III.

Where Hazard first began the track,
Where Custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold one noble mind
Dares tread the fatal error back,
But hand in hand ourselves we bind
And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a savage herd and loud
As billows on a noisy flood
In rapid order roll;
Example makes the mischief good;
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's * friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To Wisdom's lofty tow'r,
Thence to survey that wretched thing
Mankind, and in exalted rhyme
Bless the deliv'ring Pow'r.

To the Reverend Mr. John Howe, 1704.

I.

Great Man! permit the *Muse* to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
... a thought sublime
... her wit

* ...el in Milton's Paradise Lost.

I feel I feel th' attractive force
Of thy ſuperiour ſoul,
My chariot flies her upward courſe,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men,

[illegible]

Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphick throng:
"Knowledge and love make spirits blest,
"Knowledge their food and love their rest;"
But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes
And musick of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grov'ling mind
Round the short joys of earthly kind
In restless windings roam:
Howe hath an ample orb of soul
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Compleats the heav'n at home.

The disappointment and relief.

I.

Virtue, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better powers;
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How cou'd we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes and chilling fears,
If where no sov'reign cure appears
No opiates could be found?

II.

Love, the moſt cordial ſtream that flows,
Is a deceitful good;
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin ſtood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they roſe,
And with more golden ſands her fancy pav'd the flood;
Then fond to be entirely bleſt,
And tempted by a faithleſs youth
As void of goodneſs as of truth,
She plunges in with heedleſs haſte
And rears the nether mud:
Darkneſs and nauſeous dregs ariſe
O'er thy fair current Love, with large ſupplies
Of pain to teaſe the heart and ſorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliſs that charm'd her ſight
Is daſh'd, and drown'd, and loſt;
A ſpark or glimm'ring ſtreak at moſt
Shines here and there amid the night,
Amidſt the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

III.

Recover'd from the ſad ſurpriſe
Doris awakes at laſt,
Grown by the diſappointment wiſe,
And manages with art th' unlucky caſt:
When the low'ring frown ſhe ſpies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love ſhe meets his wrathful eyes
And makes her ſov'reign beauty bow:

Cheerful she smiles upon her grisly form;
So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm:
Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book or friend
Beguiles th' uneasy hours;
Well-colouring ev'ry cross she meets
With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strows her bed with flow'rs.

The hero's school of morality.

THERON amongst his travels found
A broken statue on the ground,
And searching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument:
Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet ere he pass'd with much ado
He guess'd and spell'd out Sci-pi-o.
"Enough," he cry'd; "I'll drudge no more
"In turning the dull Stoicks o'er:
"Let pedants waste their hours of ease
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

"On mortals, how we may despise
"All the gay things below the skies.
"Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
"Says all that the old sages said;
"For me these shatter'd tombs contain
"More morals than the Vatican.
"The dust of heroes cast abroad,
"And kick'd and trampled in the road,
"The relicks of a lofty mind,
"That lately wars and crowns design'd,
"Toss'd for a jest from wind to wind,
"Bid me be humble, and forbear
"Tall monuments of fame to rear,
"They are but castles in the air.
"The tow'ring heights and frightful falls,
"The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
"Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
"Tell me a thousand mournful things
"In melancholy silence.——— ———
"He—— ———————
"That living could not bear [illegible]
"An equal now lies torn and dead,
"Here his pale trunk and there his head.
"Great Pompey! while I meditate
"With solemn horrour thy sad fate,
"Thy carcass scatter'd on the shore,
"Without a name, instructs me more
"Than my whole library before.

"Lie still my Plutarch then and sleep,
"And my good Seneca may keep
"Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
"I have no further use for you;
"For when I feel my virtue fail,
"And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
"I'll take a turn among the tombs
"And see whereto all glory comes;
"There the vile foot of ev'ry clown
"Tramples the sons of Honour down,
"Beggars with awful ashes sport
"And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.

Freedom, 1697.

I.

T[illegible] no more; my soul can ne'er comport
[illegible]y slav'ries of a court;
[illegible]ersion to those charms,
[illegible]ar Liberty in both mine arms.
[illegible]ls, go cringe and wait
[illegible]ttendance at Honorio's gate,
[illegible] troops before him to compose his state;
[illegible] moves, and when he loiters stand;
[illegible]he shadows of a man:
[illegible] speaks and kiss the ground;
[illegible] impertinence of sound,
[illegible]lies of the great,
[illegible]iles; but lo! the idol frown'd,
[illegible] them to their fate.

II.

Thus baseborn minds; but as for me
I can and will be free:
Like a strong mountain or some stately tree
My soul grows firm upright,
And as I stand and as I go
It keeps my body so:
No, I can never part with my creation right.
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which form'd it [free.

III.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
Pindarical, then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid;
Nature that listen'd to my strain
Resum'd the theme and acted it again.
Sudden rose a whirling wind
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind;
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
And as the tempest fell th' obedient vapours sunk:
Again it roars with bellowing sound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the [ground
Hard by there stood the iron trunk

Of an old oak, and all the ſtorm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd, the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heav'nly thunder's ſtroke.

On Mr. Locke's Annotations upon ſeveral parts of The New Teſtament, left behind him at his death.

I.

Thus reaſon learns by ſlow degrees
What faith reveals, but ſtill complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkneſs from the too exuberant light:
The blaze of thoſe bright myſteries
Pour'd all at once on Nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble ſight.

II.

Reaſon could ſcarce ſuſtain to ſee
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity;
Scarce could her pride deſcend to own
Her Maker ſtooping from his throne,
And dreſs'd in glories ſo unknown:
A ranſom'd world, a bleeding God,
And Heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be underſtood.

III.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak and say,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace
To melt and bend it to obey?
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit
And lay her shining honours at thy sov'reign feet.

IV.

Sister of Faith, fair Charity,
Shew me the wond'rous man on high,
Tell how he sees the Godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His noblest pow'rs in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne:
"Forgive," he cries, "ye saints below,
"The wav'ring and the cold assent
"I gave to themes divinely true;
"Can you admit the blessed to repent?
"Eternal darkness veil the lines
"Of that unhappy book,
"Where glimm'ring reason with false lustre shines,
"Where the mere mortal pen mistook
"What the celestial meant*.

* See Mr. Locke's annotations on *Rom.* iii. 25. and Paraphrase on *Rom.* ix. 5. which has inclined some readers to doubt whether he believed the Deity and satisfaction of Christ; therefore in the fourth stanza I invoke Charity, that by her help I may find him out in heaven, since his notes on *2 Cor.* v. *ult.* and some other places give me reason to believe he was no

True riches.

I Am not concern'd to know
What to-morrow Fate will do,
'Tis enough that I can say
I've possess'd myself to-day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.
  Glitt'ring stones and golden things,
Wealth and honours, that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows
She can take and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
  I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,

[illegible], though he has darkened the glory of the gospel and debased Christianity in the book which he calls The Reasonableness of it, and in some of his other works.

Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light
Just disclosing to the sight:
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Rip'ning into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd of noble taste,
Seraphs feed on such repast:
Here in a green and shady grove
Streams of pleasure mix with love;
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown
That has treasures of its own
More remote from publick view
Than the bowels of Peru;

Broader 't is and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the wat'ry stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts or horses strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days or more.
Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
Loath to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence;
Or she sits at Fancy's door
Calling shapes and shadows o'er her;
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living:
Never never would she buy
Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store;
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The adventurous Muse.

I.

Urania takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Thro' rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor Rapin * gives her rules to fly nor Purcel † notes [to sing.

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears,
Where lie the pointed rocks or where th' ingulfing [sands:
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies
She meets descending angels as she flies,
[illegible] heir country lies
[illegible] stand:
[illegible] real ray
[illegible] pward to eternal [illegible]
[illegible] s aloft, and steers
[illegible] mpt to the celestial [illegible]

III.

[illegible] the mortal shores
[illegible] er creep,
[illegible] ther's oars,
[illegible] undless deep:
[illegible] ls are they

[illegible] An English master of

Who dwell in enclos'd solid orbs of skull;
Plodding along their sober way
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor lab'rers sweat to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own route, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
And lose the clouds below and leave the stars behind:
Give me the Muse whose gen'rous force,
Impatient of the reigns,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the criticks' iron chains,
And bears to Paradise the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells; the mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by any mortal tongue;
New terrours or new glories shine
In ev'ry page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wond'ring sense and draw our souls along.
Behold his Muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep, where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown
Thro' fields of heav'nly war and seraphs overthrown,
Where his adventrous genius led;
Sov'reign she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.

The noble hater of degen'rate rhyme
Shook off the chains and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupled sounds to climb:
He mourn'd the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air and triumphs in unrivall'd strains.

VI.

Immortal Bard! thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire;
All heav'n sits silent while to his sov'reign strings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Across the golden lyre;
From ev'ry note devotion springs;
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the list'ning choir.

To Mr. Nicholas Clarke.

The complaint.

I.

'Twas in a vale where
By murm'ring streams
And mingled all our
Friendship sat pleas'd i
In both the weeping de
And drop alternate tea

II.

The vig'rous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still sick'ning and decaying still
Dimly he wander'd up the hill
With his expiring light.

III.

In dark *eclipse his* chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels;
Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

IV.

"Such are our sorrows, Clark," I cry'd,
"Clouds of the brain grow black and hide
"Our darken'd souls behind;
"In the young morning of our years
"Distemp'ring fogs have climb'd the spheres
"And choak the lab'ring mind.

V.

"Lo, the gay planet rears his head
"And overlooks the lofty shade,
"New-bright'ning all the skies:
"But say, dear partner of my moan,
"When will our long eclipse be gone?
"Or when our suns arise?

VI.

" In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
" Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd
" To make the darkness fly;
" But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
" Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,
" When fainting in the sky.

VII.

" Some friendly spirit from above,
" Born of the light and nurs'd with love,
" Assist our feeble fires,
" Force these invading glooms away;
" Souls should be seen quite thro' their clay
" Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

VIII.

" But if the fogs must damp the flame,
" Gently kind Death dissolve our frame,
" Release the pris'ner mind:
" Our souls shall mount at thy discharge
" To their bright source, and shine at large
" Nor clouded nor confin'd."

The afflictions of a friend, 1702.

Now let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs for ever dumb,
Your sorrows swell my heart so high
They leave my own no room.

2

2. Sickneſs and pains are quite forgot,
The ſpleen itſelf is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

3. Infinite grief puts ſenſe to flight
And all the ſoul invades;
So the broad gloom of ſpreading night
Devours the ev'ning ſhades.

4. Thus am I born to be unbleſt;
This ſympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breaſt
T' admit a foreign foe.

5. Sorrows in long ſucceſſion reign,
Their iron rod I feel;
Friendſhip has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the pris'ner ſtill.

6. Why was this life for miſery made,
Or why drawn out ſo long?
Is there no room amongſt the dead,
Or is a wretch too young?

7. Move faſter on great Nature's wheel,
Be kind ye rolling pow'rs,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undiſtinguiſh'd hours.

8. Be duſky all my riſing ſuns,
Nor ſmile upon a ſlave;
Darkneſs and death make haſte at once
To hide me in the grave.

The reverfe, or, The comforts of a friend.

Thus Nature tun'd her mournful tongue
Till Grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the forrow and the fong,
And fmiling thus fhe faid:

2. "Were kindred fpirits born for cares?
"Muft ev'ry grief be mine?
"Is there a fympathy in tears
"Yet joys refufe to join?"

3. Forbid it Heav'n, and raife my love
And make our joys the fame;
So blifs and friendfhip join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

4. Sorrows are loft in vaft delight
That brightens all the foul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

5. Pleafures in long fucceffion reign
And all my pow'rs employ;
Friendfhip but fhifts the pleafing fcene
And frefh repeats the joy.

6. Life has a foft and filver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long,
Yet when my vafter hopes perfuade
I'm willing to be gone.

7. Faſt as you pleaſe roll down the hill
And haſte away my years,
Or I can wait my Father's will
And dwell beneath the ſpheres.

8. Riſe glorious ev'ry future ſun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the laſt dear moment known
By welldiſtinguiſh'd rays.

To the Right Honourable John Lord Cuts †,

At the ſiege of Namur.

The hardy ſoldier.

" O Why is man ſo thoughtleſs grown,
" Why guilty ſouls in haſte to die?
" Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown
" Heedleſs to arms and blood they fly.

2. " Are lives but worth a ſoldier's pay?
" Why will you join ſuch wide extremes,
" And ſtake immortal ſouls in play
At deſp'rate chance and bloody games?

3. " Valour 's a nobler turn of thought
" Whoſe pardon'd guilt forbids her fears;
" Calmly ſhe meets the deadly ſhot,
" Secure of life above the ſtars.

† At the ſiege of Namur.

4. "But Phrenzy dares eternal Fate,
"And spurr'd with Honour's airy dreams,
"Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
"And force a passage to the flames."

5. Thus hov'ring o'er Namuria's plains
Sung heav'nly Love in Gabriel's form;
Young Thraso left the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

6. Anon the thund'ring trumpet calls;
"Vows are but wind," the hero cries;
Then swears by Heav'n, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs and dies.

Burning several poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c. 1708.

I.

I Judge the Muse of lewd desire,
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatt'ries of their wit,
Now with a melting strain, now with an heav
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress; they can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging sin.

II.

Die Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead:
When Flora dies her imps should wait upon her shade.

III.

Strephon †, of noble blood and mind
(For ever shine his name!)
As death approach'd his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame:
"Burn, burn," he cry'd, with sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of ev'ry page,
"Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent Heav'n
"So vile the Muse and yet the man forgiv'n!)
"Burn on my songs, for not the silver Thames,
"Nor Tiber with his yellow streams,
"In endless currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poison or wash out the stain."
So Moses by divine command
Forbid the leprous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown;
"Break down the timber and dig up the stone."

† Earl of Rochester.

To Mrs. B. Bendiſh.

Againſt tears, 1699.

MADAM, perſuade me tears are good
To waſh our mortal cares away,
Theſe eyes ſhall weep a ſudden flood,
And ſtream into a briny ſea.

2. Or if theſe orbs are hard and dry,
(Theſe orbs that never uſe to rain)
Some ſtar direct me where to buy
One ſov'reign drop for all my pain.

3. Were both the golden Indies mine
I'd give both Indies for a tear;
I'd barter all but what's divine,
Nor ſhall I think the bargain dear.

4. But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new ſorrow ſprings,
As weeds in rainy ſeaſons grow.

5. Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miſ'ries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down
Till we are drown'd in ſeas of grief.

6. Then let theſe uſeleſs ſtreams be ſtaid,
Wear native courage on your face;
Theſe vulgar things were never made
For ſouls of a ſuperiour race.

7. If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe;
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

Few happy matches, Aug. 1701.

I.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with their bands
To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as bless'd as they.

III.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too
And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let Furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

V.

Nor the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like Stoick ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heav'nly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

VII.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind,
For Love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

To David Polhill, Esq.

An epistle. December 1702.

I.

Let useless souls to woods retreat;
Polhill should leave a country-seat
When Virtue bids him dare be great.

II.

Nor Kent nor Sussex * should have charms
While Liberty with loud alarms
Calls you to counsels and to arms.

* His country seat and dwelling.

III.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a baseborn lord *
Awake your cares, awake your sword.

IV.

Factions amongst the Britons † rise,
And warring tongues, and wild Surmise,
And burning Zeal without her eyes.

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd "'Tis of diviner weight
"To save the people than the state."

VI.

The bold machine ‡ is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandsires' shades with jealous eye
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

VIII.

If Trevia ‖ fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul with spear in hand,
At least petition ¶ for the land.

* The Pretender proclaimed king in France.
† The parliament.
‡ The bill against occasional conformity, 1702.
‖ Mrs. Polhill, of the family of the Lord Trevor.
¶ Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous gentlemen who presented the famous Kentish petition to the parliament, 1701, to beseech King William to hasten their supplies, in order to assist the King in his war with France.

The celebrated victory of the Poles over Osman the Turkish Emperour in the Dacian battle.

Translated from Casimire, B. iv. Ode 4. with large additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years, (nor of the heroick Muse
Unknowing nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: sev'nty springs
Smil'd on his seed, and sev'nty harvest moons
Fill'd his wide gran'ries with autumnal joy;
Still he resum'd the toil, and Fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets and swords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his weary'd oxen from their food
With charming numbers and uncommon song.
Go, fellow-lab'rers, you may rove secure
Or feed beside me; taste the greenest boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear and breathes, yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields! what mighty piles
Of vast destruction and of Thracian dead

Fill and amaze my eyes! Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,
And coats of scaly steel and hard habergeon,
Deep bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy
I was their captive, and remind their dress.)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along,
In august port and regular array
Led on to conquest; here the Turkish chief
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his pop'lous towns
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual dress'd in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.
O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen! when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian spears, when polish'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun,
Restoring all his beams! but frowning War
All gloomy, like a gath'ring tempest stood
Wav'ring and doubtful where to bend its fall.
The storm of missive steel delay'd a while
By wise command, stopp'd arrows on the nerve
And scimitars and sabres bore the sheath
Reluctant, till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulph'rous fire;
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms;
Then jav'lins answer'd jav'lins as they fled,

For both fled hissing death: with adverse edge
The crooked falchions met, and hideous noise
From flashing shields, thro' the long ranks of war
Clang'd horrible; a thousand iron storms
Roar diverse, and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude efforts
Of harmony! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold north when pour'd in rattling hail
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains
Or so torment the ear: scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor when some sudden blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock;
The massy fragment many a rood in length,
With hideous crash rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistless, plunging in the subject lake
Como' or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills.
Such was the noise of war; the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighb'ring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate appear
In all their murd'rous forms, and flame, and blood,
And sweat, and dust, array the broad campaign
In horrour; hasty feet and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul,
Engage in the warm business of the day.

Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight, and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of Death:
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valour swift t' obey: bold feats of arms,
Dreadful to see and glorious to relate,
Shine thro' the field with more surprising brightness
Than glitt'ring helms or spears. What loud applause,
(Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly, thro' the battle ring,
And sudden death dies into endless fame!
  Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk; the valiant Pole
Fought there more dreadful, tho' with lesser wings.
  But what the Dacians, or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cilicians leaping from the slaughter,
Or Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging thro' the sky
On sounding wheels; or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the streams
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain:
  The bold Borussian, smoking from afar,

Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of heav'n,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!
What show'rs of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder and an equal storm
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war
And rush on the sharp point, while baleful mischiefs,
Deaths and bright dangers, flew across the field
Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
Fled murm'ring thro' their wounds. I stood aloof,
For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish Moons
Wander'd in disarray; a dark eclipse
Hung on the silver Crescent, boding night,
Long night, to all her sons: at length disrob'd
The standards fell, the barb'rous ensigns torn
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heav'n,
And a large cloud of infantry and horse
Scatt'ring in wild disorder spread the plain.

Not noise nor number, nor the brawny limb
Nor high-built size, prevails: 'tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe

And steel well sharpen'd; so a gen'rous pair
Of young wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.
Vast was the slaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Vet'ran bands
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty chiefs
Stretch'd on the bed of purple Honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with iron slumbers and long night:
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well; for at their side
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,
Firm as they stood; to the Warsovian troops
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad sabre and keen poleaxe slew
With speedy terrour thro' the feebler herd,
And made rude havock and irregular spoil
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright a thousand diff'rent ways
Thro' brakes and thorns, and climb'd the cragged mountains
Bellowing; yet hasty Fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters clove the tim'rous deer.
Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
With awe, till the last relicks of the war,
The thin Edonians flying had discharg'd
The ghastly plain. I took a nearer view,

Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay welt'ring on the ground, while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shiv'ring, nor had lost
All taste of pain! Here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud,
Torn with fresh wounds, but inward vitals firm
Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down,
By the hard laws of Nature to sustain
Long torment; his wild eyeballs roll; his teeth
Gnashing with anguish chide his ling'ring fate;
Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
Amongst the neighb'ring dead; they round their lord
Lay prostrate, some in fight ignobly slain,
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave, and proud to die [illegible] their p[illegible]
[illegible] near, and lo[illegible] at manly length
Two beauteous youths of [illegible] blood
Extended on the field; in friendship join'd,
Nor Fate divides them; hardy [illegible] both,
Both faithful: [illegible] they fell
Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart
In vain: for on their orbs of friendly brass
Stood groves of jav'lins; some [illegible] deep
Were planted there, and [illegible] lovely bosoms
Made [illegible] for cruel Death.
O my dear native land! forgive the tear

I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong compassion
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a sacrifice to [illegible]:
Dacia, forgive the sigh that wish'd the souls
Of those fair infidels some humble place
Among the bless'd. "Sleep, sleep ye hapless Fair!"
Gently I cry'd, "worthy a better fate
"And better faith." Hard by the gen'ral lay,
Of Saracen descent, a grizly form,
Breathless, yet Pride sat pale upon his front,
In disappointment with a surly brow
Louring in death and vex'd, his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bit hard the Polish spear.
In that dead visage my remembrance reads
Rash Carracus; in vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the Sultan, threat'ning fierce
With Fire, a suppos'd and triumphant fate,
Spread wide beneath Warsovian silk and gold:
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide cov'ring of the air,
Forgetful of his words! How Heav'n confounds
Insulting hopes! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud that loosen all the reins
To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end!
But whither am I borne? this thought of arms
Fires me in vain to sing to *senseless Bulls*
What gen'rous horse should hear. Break off, my song,

My barb'rous Muse, be still: immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustick verse:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing Fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In sounds of glory. Lo, the ev'ning star
Shines o'er the western hills; my oxen come,
The wellknown star invites the lab'rer home.

To Mr. Henry Bendish.

DEAR SIR, [illegible] 24. 1705.

The following song was yours when first composed: the Muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be illmatched; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeness and love, persevere and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press what the pen more privately inscribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this poem; nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the holy writers in visions and images, parables and dreams: nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral is just and obvious.

The Indian philoſopher, Sep. 3. 1701.

I.

Why ſhould our joys transform to pain,
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendiſh, 'tis ſtrange the charm that binds
Millions of hands ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

II.

In vain I ſought the wondrous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of Nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſt
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

III.

O'er the broad lands and croſs the tide
On Fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

IV.

Hard by a venerable prieſt,
Ris'n with his god the Sun from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

V.

" He sung th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital mass that still the same
" Does all our minds compose,
" But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
" Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names
" And jarring tempers rose.

VI.

" The mighty Pow'r that form'd the mind
" One mould for ev'ry two design'd,
" And bless'd the new-born pair;
" 'This be a match for this,' (he said)
" Then down he sent the souls he made
" To seek them bodies here:

VII.

" But parting from their warm abode
" They lost their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah cruel Chance and crossing Fates!
" Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
" On Europe's barb'rous lands.

VIII.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
" The sweetest joy of life;
" But oh! the crowds of wretched souls
" Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds,
" And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

IX.

Thus ſang the wondrous Indian bard,
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
" Sure then," I cry'd, " might I but ſee
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me
" I might be happy too.

X.

" Some courteous angel tell me where,
" What diſtant lands this unknown fair,
" Or diſtant ſeas, detain?
" Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls
" I'd fly to meet and mingle ſouls
" And wear the joyful chain."

The happy man.

I.

Serene as light is Myron's ſoul
And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole;
In manly beauty ſhines his face,
Ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace
Makes his heart and tongue their ſeat,
His heart profuſely good, his tongue divinely ſweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood ſcarce begun,
Behold his race of virtue run,
Behold the goal of glory won,
Nor Fame denies the merit nor withholds the prize;

Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where Learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru
In barb'rous songs pronounce the British hero's name:
"Airy bliss," the hero cry'd,
"May feed the tympany of pride,
"But healthy souls were never found
"To live on emptiness and sound."

II.

Lo! at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours,
Gather'd from the Indian coasts;
Not *Danae's lap could equal treasures boast*,
When Jove came down in golden show'rs,
He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say
"Bliss is not made of glitt'ring clay."

III.

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head
With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns, spread;
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards and chariots at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table wait:
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall and now they rise,

Which ev'ry motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,
With swift ambition strive t' [illegible] word,
And the command fulfil:
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He drops a tear and pity'd kings;
Then flying from the noisy throng
Seeks the diversion of a song.

IV.

Musick descending on a silent cloud
Tun'd all its strings with endless art;
By slow degrees from soft to loud
Changing the note; the harp and lute
Harmonious join the hero to salute
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love,
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best;
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawless love, in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep or lull his soul to rest.

V.

He saw the tribute round, and with a sigh
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
"In crowds of pleasure still I find
"A painful solitude of mind,
"A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.

"Hence and be gone ye flatt'ring ſnares,
"Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
"Ye unperforming promiſers!
"Be all my baſer paſſions dead,
"And baſe deſires by Nature made
"For animals and boys:
"Man has a reliſh more refin'd;
"Souls are for ſocial bliſs deſign'd:
"Give me a bleſſing fit to match my mind,
"A kindred ſoul to double and to ſhare my joys."

VI.

Myrtha appear'd; ſerene her ſoul,
And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole:
In ſofter beauties ſhone her face;
Ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace
Made her heart and tongue their ſeat,
Her heart profuſely good, her tongue divinely ſweet.
Myrtha, the wonder of his eyes,
His heart recoil'd with freſh ſurpriſe,
With joys unknown before;
His ſoul diſſolv'd in pleaſing pain
Flow'd to his eyes and look'd again
And could endure no more.
"Enough," th' impatient hero cries,
"And ſeiz'd her to his breaſt;
"I ſeek no more below the ſkies,
"I give my [illegible] reſt.

To David Polhill, Esq.

An answer to an infamous satire called Advice to a Painter, written by a nameless author against King William III. of glorious memory, 1698.

SIR,

When you put this satire into my hand you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing, which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his Majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country; and since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

I. W.

PART I.

And must the hero that redeem'd our land
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon? must William's name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of fame,

William, the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust?
Polhill! my blood boils high, my spirits flame;
Can your zeal sleep, or are your passions tame,
Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's name?
Why smoke the skies not, why no thunders roll,
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel flame;
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines.
Painter, beware! the monarch must be shown
Under no shape but angels or his own,
Gabriel or William on the British throne.
O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain,
Fierce how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scatt'ring just vengeance thro' the red campaign,
Then dash the canvass with a flying stroke
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say 'Twas thus the conq'ror thro' the squadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the cloud
Far from his troops; there like a rock he stood,
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.

Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne
And his Maria weeping, whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own.
But Heav'n secures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hov'ring angels tho' they fly conceal'd;
Each intercepts a death and wears it on his shield.
 Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
Then imitate the glory on the strand,
Spread half the nation longing till he land.
Wash off the blood and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint,
Abroad a hero and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and Profaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow
With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow!
At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes, thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands————.
Rise ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a rev'rend smile,
And bless the piece; these statutes are your own
That sway the cottage and direct the throne:
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws, the same.

Let Liberty and Right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er them all her starry pinions spread.
Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
Place waiting Virtues, each of heav'nly mien:
Learn their bright air and paint it from his eyes;
The just, the bold, the temp'rate, and the wise,
Dwell in his looks, majestick but serene,
Sweet with no fondness, cheerful but not vain,
Bright without terrour, great without disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example thro' the land.
Not so the former reign——
Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast, to be exprest:
Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

Now Muse, *pursue the Satirist again*,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen;
Hark how he bids the servile painter draw
In monstrous shapes the patrons of our law;
At one slight dash he cancels ev'ry name
From the white rolls of honesty and fame:
This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots [illegible] bolts promiscuous at the base and brave,

And with unpardonable malice sheds
Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.
Painter, forbear! or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw first this poet, like some baleful star
With silent influence shedding civil war:
Or factious trumpeter, whose magick sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground,
And scatters hellish feuds the nations round.
These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe
That first create the plague and then the pain describe.
Draw next above the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile;
Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur and command,
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mothers' bowels thro'.
Let great Nassau beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown.
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us bless'd, how vain his labours prove
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

To the diſcontented and unquiet.

Imitated partly from Caſimire, Lib. iv. Od. 15.

VARIA! there's nothing here that's free
From weariſome anxiety,
And the whole round of mortal joys
With ſhort poſſeſſion tires and cloys:
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Juſt from the window to the bed:
We riſe to ſee and to be ſeen,
Gaze on the world a while, and then
We yawn, and ſtretch to ſleep again.
But Fancy, that uneaſy gueſt,
Still holds a lodging in our breaſt;
She finds or frames vexation ſtill,
Herſelf the greateſt plague we feel.
We take ſtrange pleaſure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Aſſume the load, and pant and ſweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear ſelves we live at ſtrife:
While the moſt conſtant ſcenes of life
From peeviſh humours are not free
Still we affect variety:
Rather than paſs an eaſy day
We fret and chide the hours away,

Grow weary of this circling ſun,
And vex'd that he ſhould ever run
The ſame old track, and ſtill, and ſtill
Riſe red behind yon eaſtern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Thro' the ſame caſement ev'ry night.
We ſhift our chambers and our homes
To dwell where trouble never comes.
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Againſt the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods, a hermit ſaint!
She loathes her patches, pins, and paint;
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn;
But humour that eternal thorn
Sticks in her heart; ſhe's hurry'd ſtill
'Twixt her wild paſſions and her will;
Haunted and hagg'd where'er ſhe roves,
By purling ſtreams and ſilent groves,
Or with her Furies or her Loves.
Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate and repair
To France or Italy for air.
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling ſky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind.
In vain, if this diſeaſed mind
Clings faſt, and ſtill ſits cloſe behind;

Faithful discourse, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desert or the tide,
On rolling wheels or flying sails.

Happy the soul that Virtue shows
To fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move, for she can dwell
In her old grandsire's hall as well;
Virtue, that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home,
And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise
And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,
Should the waves swell and make her roll
Across the line or near the pole,
Still she's at peace, for well she knows
To launch the stream that Duty shows,
And make her home where'er she goes.
Bear her ye seas upon your breast,
Or waft her winds from east to west
On the soft air; she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

To John Hartopp, Esq; now Sir John Hartopp, Bart.

Casimire, Book I. Ode 4. imitated.

Vive jucundae metuens juventae, &c. July 1700.

I.

Live, my dear Hartopp! live to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say
"Inglorious here he lies:"
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame
By ev'ry hour that flies.

II.

Youth 's a soft scene, but trust her not;
Her airy minutes swift as thought
Slide off the slipp'ry sphere;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

III.

Let Folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp! mark the with'ring rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows!

IV.

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream.
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,
Falsely her left conveys away
And shuffles in our woes.
So have I seen a mother play
And cheat her silly child;
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and smil'd.

V.

Airy Chance and iron Fate
Hurry and vex our mortal state,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll:
The harness'd hours and minutes strive,
And days with stretching pinions drive——
Down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half so fast the galley flies
O'er the Venetian sea
When sails, and oars, and lab'ring skies
Contend to make her way.

Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The rest lie still yet in their nest
And grow for future years.

To Thomas Gunston, Esq. Happy solitude, 1700.

Casimire, Book IV. Ode 12. *imitated.*

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

The noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston! the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies,
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heav'ns I rise.

II.

Yet they will urge "This private life
"Can never make you blest,
"And twenty doors are still at strife
"T' engage you for a guest."
Friend! should the tow'rs of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T' employ my hours at home and better fill my day.

III.

When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great,
My busy eyeballs inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of Me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

IV.

There's a day hast'ning ('tis an awful day!)
When the Great Sov'reign shall at large review
All that we speak and all we do,
The sev'ral parts we act on this wide stage of clay:
These he approves and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done
I shall be happy tho' unknown,
Nor need the gazing rabble nor the shouting street.

V.

I hate the glory, Friend! that springs
From vulgar breath and empty sound:
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
Upon her airy wings

Till Envy shoots and Fame receives the wound,
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down Glory falls and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from fame;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
Gunston! I'd live and die with you,
For both our souls are one.

VI.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state and images of pow'r:
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet;
Nor is herself secure but in a close retreat.
While she withdraws from publick praise,
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy itself may innocently gaze
At Beauty in a vail;
But if she once advance to light
Her charms are lost in Envy's sight,
And Virtue stands the mark of universal spite.

To John Hartopp, Esq. now Sir John Hartopp, Bart.

[illegible], 1700.

I.

HARTOPP! I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood, and all thy heav'nly line,
Look thro' the stars and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vain [illegible] dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame;
We're born to live above the beast,
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys;
Be shining dust the miser's food;
Let Fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize th' immortal good.

To Mitio, my friend.

An epiftle.

Forgive me, Mitio, that there fhould be any mortifying lines in the following poems infcribed to you fo foon after your entrance into that ftate which was defigned for the completeft happinefs on earth; but you will quickly difcover that the Mufe in the firft poem only reprefents the fhades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love and the focial life; in the fecond perhaps fhe indulges her own bright ideas a little; yet if the accounts are but well balanced at laft, and things fet in a due light, I hope there is no ground for cenfure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the moft important concerns of human nature in verfe, and that with a folemnity becoming the argument. I have banifhed grimace and ridicule, that perfons of the moft ferious character may read without offence. What was written feveral years ago to yourfelf is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may affume it to yourfelf as a private entertainment ftill while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

PART I.

The mourning-piece.

Life's a long tragedy; this globe the ftage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with ftrong machines,

" Gay fields and skies, and seas; the actors many;
The plot immense; a flight of demons sit
On ev'ry sailing cloud with fatal purpose,
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease and death;
The pointed plagues fly silent thro' the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.
Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate: lo! she glides
Single thro' all the storms and more secure;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. "But O my lov'd Marilla,
"My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
"How much art thou expos'd! thy growing soul
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
"Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
"That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage.
"Children! those dear young limbs, those tend'rest
"Of your own flesh, those little other selves, [pieces
"How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
"And soften ev'ry fibre to improve
"The mother's sad capacity of pain!
"I mourn Fidelio too, tho' Heav'n has chose
"A fav'rite mate for him, of all her sex
"The pride and flow'r: how bless'd the lovely pair
"Beyond expression, if well-mingled loves
"And cares well-mingled could improve our bliss!

" Amidst the rugged cares of life behold
" The father and the husband, flatt'ring names,
" That spread his title and enlarge his share
" Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his joys, but ev'ry hour
" Renews the disappointment and the smart.
" There's not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
" Of his fair partner or her infant train
" (Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmost soul.
" Strange is thy pow'r O Love! What num'rous veins,
" And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
" Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart
" By strong but secret strings! With vain attempt
" We put the Stoick on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of Nature and of blood;
" Those hidden threads maintain the dear commu-
" Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions [nion
" Reciprocal give endless sympathy
" In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
" Thrice happy man if pleasure only knew
" These avenues of love to reach our souls,
" And pain had never found 'em!"
Thus sung the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft' Daphnis came
And oft' Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,

Nor put the chains on, dang'rous to try
And hard to be dissolv'd; yet rising tears
Sat on her eyelids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love; love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life and make our iron cares
Easy; but thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds; they lodge too near the heart,
Beat like the pulse perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy smart, a tempting pain.
Say, my companion Muse, speak sincere
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities, tumultuous rise
If but the distance of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved? Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain; the region of thy soul
Is darkness till thy better star appear.
Tell me what toil, what torment, to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages; fancy roves
Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes
Clarissa safe; Clarissa, in whose life
Thy life consists and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dire disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,

Till thy frame ſhudders at her fancy'd death,
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' ev'ry vein. Speak! does the ſtranger Muſe
Caſt happy gueſſes at the unknown paſſion,
Or has ſhe fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys ſincere? thy hopes fulfill'd
Or fruſtrate? Here commit thy ſecret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendſhip and oblivion, leſt they ſpoil
Thy newborn pleaſures with diſtaſteful gall;
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful proſpect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in ſad ſucceſſion, while his ſoul
Is torn away piecemeal: thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre and make his exit final.
    But if his deareſt half, his faithful mate,
Survive, and in the ſweeteſt ſaddeſt airs
Of love and grief approach with trembling hand
To cloſe his ſwimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges, rend his heart-ſtrings off
From the fair boſom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn! what jealous cares
Hang on his parting ſoul to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppreſſion and the herd
Of ſavage men! So parts the dying turtle,

With sobbing accents, with such sad regret,
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life, or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood—— ——

PART II.

Or, *The bright vision.*

Thus far the Muse in unaccustom'd mood
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear
Indulg'd a gloom of thought, and thus she sung
Partial; for Melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe: the pensive Muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse; some cordial ray,
In the fair world of love; but while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twinborn souls
United bless'd the cruel Spleen apply'd
A dark long tube and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful, blending heav'n and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of mis'ry: now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optick in disdain.
Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss. Behold the place
Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,

Nor Malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear spot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station,
To act thy part of life serene, and bless'd
With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.
Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet partnership: one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)
For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness
Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.
The willing Muse now dresses the fair garden
Amid this desert world with budding bliss,
And evergreens, and palms, and flow'ry beauties,
Without one dang'rous tree: there heav'nly dews
Nightly descending shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires; the spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and thro' the air diffus'd
Salute your waking senses with perfumes,
While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain pure
From vicious taint, and with your innocence
Immortalize the structure of your clay.
On this new Paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unsully'd (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon

In milder rays serene should nightly rise
Full-orb'd, (if Heav'n and Nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on ev'ry springing bough, shall join your worship,
Join your sweet vespers and the morning song.
O *sacred symphony*! Hark, thro' the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy; unknown delight!
And the fair Muse proclaims the heav'n below.
Not the seraphick minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men: again returning
I see th' ethereal host on downward wing:
Lo! at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The Patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heav'n; (so Milton sings, enlighten'd bard!
Nor miss'd his eyes when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons high favour'd) thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue,
And with soft grace and interwoven loves

(Grateful digression!) all his words rehearse
To thy Clarissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus with divine discourse in shady bow'rs
Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve his sole auditress, and deep dispute
With conjugal caresses on her lip
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.
  Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor and finds out his mate
Beneath the dear affections seated low
On humble turf with rose and myrtle strow'd,
But high their conference! How self-suffic'd
Lives their Eternal Maker, girt around
With glories, arm'd with thunders, and his throne
Mortal access forbids, projecting far
Splendours unsuff'rable and radiant death.
With rev'rence and abashment deep they fall
Before his sov'reign Majesty to pay
Due worship; then his mercy on their souls
Smiles with a gentler ray, his sov'reign Bill,
And leads their meditation and discourse
Long ages backward, and across the seas
To Bethlehem of Judah: there the Son,
The filial Godhead, character express
Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made descent to earth.
Sprung from the sons of Adam he became
A second father, studious to regain
Lost Paradise for men and purchase heav'n.

The lovers with endearment mutual thus
Promiſcuous talk'd, and queſtions intricate
His manly judgment ſtill reſolv'd, and ſtill
Held her attention fix'd: ſhe muſing ſat
On the ſweet mention of incarnate Love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to ſweeteſt ſtrains.
" She ſang the Infant God, (myſterious theme!)
" How vile his birthplace and his cradle vile!
" The ox and aſs his mean companions: there
" In habit vile the ſhepherds flock around
" Saluting the great Mother, and adore
" Iſrael's anointed King, th' appointed Heir
" Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his regal ſtate, for thee, my Milio,
" Debas'd in ſervile form; but angels ſtood
" Miniſt'ring round their charge with folded wings
" Obſequious, tho' unſeen, while lightſome hours
" Fulfill'd the day, and the gray ev'ning roſe:
" Then the fair guardians hov'ring o'er his head,
" Wakeful all night, drive the foul ſpirits far,
" And with their fanning pinions purge the air
" From buſy phantoms, from infectious damps
" And impure taint, while their ambroſial plumes
" A dewy ſlumber on his ſenſes ſhed.
" Alternate hymns the heav'nly watchers ſung
" Melodious, ſoothing the ſurrounding ſhades,
" And kept the darkneſs chaſte and holy: then

"Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
"Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.
"Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy Morn
"Smiles in the east with eye-lids op'ning fair,
"But not so fair as thine. O! I could fold thee,
"My young Almighty, my Creator-babe,
"For ever in these arms! for ever dwell
"Upon thy lovely form with gazing joys,
"And ev'ry pulse should beat seraphick love!
"Around my seat should crowding cherubs come
"With swift ambition, zealous to attend
"Their Prince, and form a heav'n below the sky.
"Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought
"Of female fondness, and forgive the man
"That interrupts such melting harmony!"
Thus Mitio, and awakes her nobler pow'rs
To pay just worship to the sacred King,
Jesus the God, nor with devotion pure
Mix the caresses of her softer sex;
(Vain blandishments!) "Come, turn thine eyes aside
"From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful steep
"Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls
"Pave the sad road and fright the traveller.
"Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
"Of her Redeemer panting up the hill
"Hard burden'd? can thy heart attend his cross?
"Nail'd to the cruel wood he groans, he dies,
"For thee he dies! Beneath thy sins and mine

"(Horrible load!) the ſinleſs Saviour groans,
"And in fierce anguiſh of his ſoul expires.
"Adoring angels pry with bending head,
"Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
"This infinite deſign. Here peace is made
"'Twixt God the Sov'reign and the rebel man;
"Here Satan, overthrown with all his hoſts,
"In ſecond ruin rages and deſpairs;
"Malice itſelf deſpairs. The captive prey
"Long held in ſlav'ry hopes a ſweet releaſe,
"And Adam's ruin'd offſpring ſhall revive,
"Thus ranſom'd from the greedy jaws of Death."
The fair diſciple heard; her paſſions move
Harmonious to the great diſcourſe, and breathe
Refin'd devotion, while new ſmiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the cov'nant of eternal life
Brought down to men, ſeal'd by the ſacred Three
In heav'n, and ſeal'd on earth with God's own blood:
Here they unite their names again and ſign
Thoſe peaceful articles. (Hail, bleſs'd coheirs
Celeſtial! ye ſhall grow to manly age,
And ſpite of earth and hell in ſeaſon due
Poſſeſs the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they ſurvey
The goſpel treaſures infinite, unſeen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought, riches divine,

And honours, which th' almighty Father-God
Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,
High-treasurer of heav'n. The Son bestows
The life, the love, the blessings, and the joy,
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. "Then my Charissa all is thine;"
"And thine, my Mitio, the fair saint replies,
"Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
"And place and time are ours, and things to come,
"And past and present, for our int'rest stands
"Firm in our mystick Head, the title sure.
"'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment, while
"We sojourn strangers here, the fruitful earth
"Bears plenteous, and revolving seasons still
"Dress her vast globe in various ornament:
"For us this cheerful sun and cheerful light
"Diurnal shine; this blue expanse of sky
"Hangs a rich canopy above our heads
"Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold
"Inwrought, when night alternates her return:
"For us Time wears his wings out, Nature keeps
"Her wheels in motion, and her fabrick stands.
"Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight
"Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
"Awaits us where the saints unbody'd live,
"Spirits releas'd from clay and purg'd from sin:
"Thither our hearts with such incessant wish
"Panting aspire, when shall that dearest hour

"Stoop and release us hence and bear us high,
"Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home!"
O bless'd connubial state! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unmatch'd souls
Who seek their faithful twins! Your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer ev'nings. The vile sons of earth
Grov'ling in dust, with all their noisy jars
Baseless, shall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign
O'er all your passions with unrival'd sway.
Mutual and everlasting: friendship knows
No property in good, but all things common
That such possessions, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: there's not one thought
Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
But ev'ry passage open as the day
To one another's breast and inmost mind.
Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames and more divinely glow.

PART II.

Or, *The account balanced.*

I.

Should sov'reign Love before me stand
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring Muse relate
His comforts and his cares,
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors t' express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
Thy cares and comforts, sov'reign Love,
Vastly outweigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

II.

Say, Damon, say how bright the scene,
Damon is half divinely blest,
Leaning his head on his Fiorella's breast
Without a jealous thought or busy care between;
Then the sweet passions mix and share,
Fiorella tells thee all her heart,

Nor can thy soul's retired part
Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
Say what a pitch thy pleasures rise,
When friendship and sincere grows up to ecstasy,
Nor self contracts the bliss nor vice profanes the joy;
While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or sporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindest thoughts engage;
Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age?

III.

But short is earthly bliss! the changing wind
Blows from the sickly south, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings;
Relentless Death sits close behind:
Now gasping infants and a wife in tears
With piercing groans salutes his ears,
Thro' ev'ry vein the thrilling torments roll,
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear miseries of life,
Those tend'rest pieces of his bleeding soul.
The pleasing sense of love a while,
Mixt with the heart-ach, may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight,
Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
When ev'ry smiling passion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes,
Sparkling and solitary, waits the slow returning light.

IV.

Here then let my ambition reſt,
May I be moderately bleſt
When I the laws of love obey:
Let but my pleaſure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and ſink again,
And ſhare juſt meaſures of alternate ſway:
So Damon lives and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner ſcenes
On this dull ſtage of clay:
The tribes beneath the northern Bear
Submit to darkneſs half the year
Since half the year is day.

* *On the death of the Duke of Glouceſter juſt after Mr. Dryden, 1700.*

An epigram.

DRYDEN is dead; Dryden alone could ſing
The full grown glories of a future king.
Now Glo'ſter dies; thus leſſer heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give,
And ſcarce ſurvive the Muſe, but William ſtands,
Nor aſks his honours from the poet's hand:
William ſhall ſhine without a Dryden's praiſe;
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

An Epigram of Martial to Cirinus.

> Sic tua, Cirini, promas epigrammata vulgo
> Ut [illegible], &c.

Inscribed to Mr. Josiah Hort, 1704.

Now Lord Bishop of Kilmore, in Ireland.

So smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
Yet modest you decline the publick stage
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age;
So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroick notes of vast heroick things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' strings.
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Tho' his brave genius flash'd Pindarick fire,
And at his will could silence all the Lyrick quire.
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragick bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.
A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments, will ev'ry friend bestow.
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine, we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferiour feet,
And yields the tend'rest point of honour, wit.

Epistola fratri suo dilecto, R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

Rursus tuas, amande frater, accepi literas, eodem fortasse momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies, meum ad epistolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane est inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intus animat, agitque, et concordes in ambobus efficit motus. O utinam crescat indies et vigescat mutua charitas! faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat et defæcet pectora, tunc etenim et alternis puræ amicitiæ flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; contemplemur Jesum nostrum, cœleste illud et adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est

Qui quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Heu miseras!) sufferre vices; sponsoris obivit
Munia, et in sese tabulæ maledicta minacis
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.
Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
Integer, innocuas versus ad sidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris
Amplexus [illegible]; [illegible] nudatus amictus
Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armatas, Pater, hic infige * sagittas;

* Job iv. 6.

"Hæc," ait, "* ignatum feriebant pectora ferrum,
"Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis."
Dixit, et horrendum fremuêre tonitrua cœli
Infensusque Deus; (quæ jam potuisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed et ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta silet.) Jam [illegible] æther,
Panduntur que fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus
Restat compressos dumque ardens explicat artus.
Purpureo * vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
Nec tamen infando vindex regina labori
Segnius incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
Acriter, et somno languentem suscitat ensem †:
"Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro
"Flumine mucronem; vos hinc mea spicula latè
"Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,
"Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondera pœnæ
"Sustentanda hominem fulciet incola numen.
"Et tu sacra Decus Legum, violata tabella,
"Ebibe vindictam; vasta satiabere cæde,
"Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
"Permistus deitate cruor." ———
Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ.

* Luke xxii. 44. † Zech. xiii. 7.

Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, saevis avidus dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem scrutator, et ille mordet;
Interea Servator * ovat, victorque doloris
Sustinet, illustri ‡ perfusus membra cruore,
Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortius illum
Urget Patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miseros fontes; O nobilis ardor
[illegible]arum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
[illegible] amor? Quid non coelestia?

At subsidit phantasia, evanescant imagines; nescio quo me proripuit amens Musa: volui quatuor lineas pedibus astringere, et ecce! numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato genio laxavi frena, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologiam laeserit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlatum est ad me epistolis indicium matrem meliusculè se habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi et crescentes versus noluere plura, et coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Vale, amice frater, et in studio pietatis et artis medicae strenuus decurre.

Datum à Musaeo meo Londini, xvto kalend. Febr. anno Salutis MDCXCIII.

* Col. ii. 15. ‡ Luke xxii. 44.

Fratris E. B olim navigaturi, Sep. 30. 1691.

I Felix, pede prospero
I frater, trabe pinea
Sulces æquora; ventus
Pandas carbasa flantibus
Quæ tuto redditura sint.
Non te monstra natantia
Ponti carnivora incola
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu cui creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, et liquidum chaos.
Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; et Zephyri faves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et sævum Boream domas,
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem

Vovet I. W.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ...

Ad Reverendum Virum Dm Johannem Pinhorne,

Fidum adolescentiae meae praeceptorem.

Pindarici carminis specimen. 1694.

I.

Et te, Pinhorni, Musa Trientica
Salutat, ardens discipulum tuum
Grate fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amoenitates
Tuto pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros [illegible] per aspera gressus
Non cura duxisse manu.
Tu patefecisti limina Thespii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridum iter:
En altus assurgens Homerus
Arma deosque viroque miscens,
Occupat aethereum Parnassi culmen: Homeri
Immensos stupeo manes————
Te, Maro, dulce canens sylvas, te bella sonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui [illegible] camoena:
Tuaque accipias, Thebane vates,
Debita chara lyrae.
Vobis, magna Trias! clarissima nomina, semper
Scrinia nostra patent, et pectora nostra patebunt,
Quam mihi cunque levem concesserit otii horam
Divina Mosis pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem postquam, at ipse pudendis
Deponat veneres: venias, sed [illegible] purus et [illegible]

* Horat. lib. I. [illegible]

“Ut te te laudem, dum sordes et mala lustra”
Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve. Recisæ
Hâc lege accedant Satyræ, Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abesset
Persius, obscurus vates, nisi lumina circum-
fusa forent, Sphingisque ænigmata, Bende, scidisses.
Grandesonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem
Ordine, et ambabus simul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos: improba tinea
Obiit, nec audet sævi castas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, stercoris impii
Sentina fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, et hinc tecum sapias Catullum,
Insulsè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata castis carmina, et improbi
Spurcos Nasonis amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab orâ
En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
Jessiadæ salveto; potens seu Numinis iras
Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel Cytharæ sono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
Seu juvet mentem simul assidere
Dignabere, seu lecticæ
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos suadebis inire somnos
Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-
livia curis,
Sit juxtà Casimirus*, huic nec parcius ignem
Natura indulsit nec Musa armavit alumnum
Sarbivium* rudiore lyrâ
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!
Humana † linquens (en sibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatósve thronos et patrium Polum
Visurus consurgis ovans,
Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum
O non imitabilis ales.

IV.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Musa, simul totus fervescere
Sentio, stellatas levis induor
Alas et tollor in altum.

* M. Casimirus, Sarbievski poeta insignis Polon.
† Ode V. lib. 2.

Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter sidera radiante vertice
Longè despecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altisoni volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sæcli
Terrestris grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu malè!) deperit.
O curas hominum miseras! Cano,
Et misellas nugas diademata!
Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.
En mihi sufficient terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Gestit et effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo——————
——At vos heroes et arma
Et procul este Dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut vestris, Dionyse, Thyrsis?
Et clava, et anguis, et leo, et Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictæ patris,
Abstate carmine nostro.

V.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te nostra sonabit Jesu
Musa, nec assueto cœlestes barbiton ausu
Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite Numen et
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

“ Sed Musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor;
“ divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En la-

"bascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane
"aetheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, &c.

"Ignoscas, Reverende Vir, vano conamini; frag-
"mentumque rude licet et impolitum aequi boni consulas,
"et gratitudinis jam diu debitae in partem reponas."

Votum, seu vita in terris beata.

Ad virum dignissimum Johannem Hartoppium, Baronettum, 1702.

I.

Hartoppi eximio stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, si roges
Quem mea Musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter et amplius,
Et similis superis annos agit
"Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
Se Musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt et recumbens.

II.

Non suae vulgi favor insipientis
(Et lusus insani tumidus populi)
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt aethera clamor.
Nec Gaza flammans divitis Indiae,
Nec, Tage, vestrae fulgor arenulae

Ducent ab obl[illegible]ià quiete
Ad liquent[illegible] rad[illegible]tia [illegible].

III.

O si daretur stamina pro meis
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.
Longè à triumphis, et sonitu tubæ
Longè remotos transigerem dies:
Abstate fasces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstate, coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto casa sit salubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis [illegible]
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displiceat Syrfis et fremitu molesta
Turba mercantum; gratiùs alvear
Demulceat aures murmure, g[illegible]
Fons salientis aquæ.

V.

Litigiosa fori me terreant jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans turbas execror a[illegible]
[illegible] in tuto [illegible]——

Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, et amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! et inane sacri
Nomen amici!

VI.

Tuque quæ nostris inimica Musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Tu quoque hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola!
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ ferveat face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Watsianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

To Mrs. Singer, (now Mrs. Rowe),

On the sight of some of her divine poems, never printed. July 19. 1706.

I.

On the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp, nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings:
There beneath th' ev'ning sky
I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by;
The neighb'ring shepherds knew the silver sound,
"'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighb'ring shepherds cry.
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting Muse was lost,
In the superiour sweetness drown'd:
In vain I bid my tuneful pow'rs unite;
My soul retir'd, and left my tongue;
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

II.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My Muse attempt no more: 'twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales and wars of Rome;

'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal ſtrings;
Now thoſe immortal ſtrings have no employ
Since a fair angel dwells below
To tune the notes of heav'n and propagate the joy.
Let all my pow'rs with awe profound,
While Philomela ſings,
Attend the rapture of the ſound,
And my devotion riſe on her ſeraphick wings.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

An epitaph on King William III. of glorious memory,
Who died March 8th, 1701-2.

BENEATH theſe honours of a tomb
Greatneſs in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the ſkies!)

2. Preſerve, O venerable Pile!
Inviolate thy ſacred truſt;
To thy cold arms the Britiſh iſle
Weeping commits her richeſt duſt.

3. Ye gentleſt miniſters of Fate
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt ſlumbers wait
With ſilken cords to bind his eyes.

4. Reſt his dear ſword beneath his head,
Round him his faithful arms ſhall ſtand;
Fix his bright enſigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

5. Ye ſiſter-arts of Paint and Verſe
Place Albion fainting by his ſide,
Her groans ariſing o'er the hearſe,
And Belgia ſinking when he dy'd.

6. High o'er the grave Religion ſet
In ſolemn gold, pronounce the ground
Sacred to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

7. Fair Liberty, in ſables dreſt
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
"William, the ſcourge of tyrants paſt
"And awe of princes yet unborn."

8. Sweet Peace his ſacred relicks keep
With olives blooming round her head,
And ſtretch her wings acroſs the deep
To bleſs the nations with the ſhade

9. Stand on the pile immortal Fame,
Broad ſtars adorn thy brighteſt robe,
Thy thouſand voices ſound his name
In ſilver accents round the globe.

10. Flatt'ry ſhall faint beneath the ſound
While hoary Truth inſpires the ſong,
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

11. Night and the Grave remove your gloom;
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar dead,
But Glory bids the royal tomb
Diſdain the horrours of a ſhade.

12. Glory with all her lamps ſhall burn
And watch the warriour's ſleeping clay
Till the laſt trumpet rouſe his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

On the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Peacock.

An elegiack song, sent in a letter of condolence to Mr. N. P. merchant at Amsterdam.

Hark! she bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Thro' liquid telescopes of tears.
2. Farewell, bright soul! a short farewell
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell
And trees of life bear fruits of love.
3. There glory sits on ev'ry face,
There friendship smiles in ev'ry eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.
4. O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove;
Our harps shall sound from ev'ry string
The wonders of his bleeding love.
5. Come, Sov'reign Lord, dear Saviour! come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour how long it stays!
6. How long must we lie ling'ring here
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling they quit this dusky sphere
And mount the hills of heav'nly light.

7. Sweet soul! we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

8. While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

Epitaphium viri venerabilis Dom. N. Mather.

Carmine lapidario conscriptum, M. S.

Reverendi admodum viri,

NATHANAELIS MATHERI,
Quod mori potuit hic subtus depositum est,
Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.
Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanam sc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
Non-fallacem;
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum et docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;
At supra corpus et formam sublimè eminebant
Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio:

Supra [illegible] pietas, et (si fas dicere)
Su[ma] pietatem modestia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflatæ mentis specimina
Præstantiora edidit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus;
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invito obruit silentio.
Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
Quam abunde hausit ip[s]e, aliis propinavit,
Puram, ab humana fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce;
Cui nec adesset pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Flosculos rhetoricos supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum Majestas, et Deus præsens.
Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas,
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum et salutare vulnus:

Vulneratas idem tractare leniter ſolers,
Et medelam adhibere magis ſalutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim ſcatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipſe undique cœleſtes ſuavitates,
Quaſi oleo lætitiæ ſemper recens delibutus,
Et ſemper ſupra ſocios;
Gratumque dilectiſſimi ſui Jeſu odorem
Quaquaverſùs et latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans ſupra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam aſſiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in ſtadio et in metâ vitæ.
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoriâ fidei quaſi curru alato vectus
Properè et cœlum attigit.
Natus eſt in agro Lancaſtrienſi 20° Martii 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos Theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Paſtorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut ſemper) Providentiam ſecutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenſes præpoſitus eſt,
Quos doctrinâ, precibus, et vitâ beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore ſolutus 26° Julii 1697. Æt. 67.
Eccleſiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit,
Probis piiſque omnibus

Et fandum fui defiderium:
Dum pulvis Chrifto charus hic dulcè dormit
Expectans ftellam matutinam.

To the Reverend Mr. John Shower, on the death of his daughter Mrs. Anne Warner.

Reverend and dear Sir,

How great foever was my fenfe of your lofs, yet I did not think myfelf fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnifh you with many a delightful truth in the midft of fo heavy a forrow; for the covenant of grace has brightnefs enough in it to gild the moft gloomy providence, and to that fweet covenant your foul is no ftranger. My own thoughts were much impreffed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its beft eftate, yet I muft acknowledge that my temper leads me moft to the pleafant fcenes of heaven and that future world of bleffednefs. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of fpirits and fearch them out there: thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner, and thefe thoughts crowding faft upon me I fet them down for my own entertainment. The verfe breaks off abruptly, because I had no defign to write a finifhed elegy; and befides, when I was fallen upon the dark fide of death I had

no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be ſo happy as to entertain you a little and divert your grief, the time ſpent in compoſing them ſhall not be reckoned among my loſt hours, and the review will be more pleaſing to Sir,

Dec. 22. 1707.

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

I. W.

An elegiack thought on Mrs. Anne Warner, who died of the ſmallpox December 18, 1707, at one of the clock in the morning, a few days after the birth and death of her firſt child.

Awake my Muſe, range the wide world of ſouls,
And ſeek Vernera fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wing, for ſhe was born from heav'n,
Fulfill'd her viſit, and return'd on high.
The midnight watch of angels that patrole
The Britiſh ſky have notic'd her aſcent
Near the meridian ſtar; purſue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And Paradiſe her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing ſcapes thy ſearch, nor canſt thou miſs
So fair a ſpirit) ſay, beneath what ſhade
Of amaranth or cheerful evergreen
She ſits, recounting to her kindred minds
Angelick or human her mortal toil

And travels thro' this howling wilderness;
By what divine protections she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls) but Heav'n secur'd
The fav'rite nymph and taught her victory.
  Or does she seek or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant nation of the bless'd,
And clasp'd it to her soul to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace! Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' eternal sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! there
Thou art for ever blest, with pow'rs enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.
  Behold her ancestors, (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due,
Such as are paid in heav'n; and last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light
But vacant: "This," with sure presage she cries,
" Awaits my father, when will he arrive?
" How long, alas how long!" then calls her mate,
" Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares!
" Die and partake my bliss; we are for ever one."
  Ah me! where roves my fancy! what kind dreams

Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! inform the Muse;
Chuses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated pow'rs,
And call her thoughts her own, so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs, that wrought her death!
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul!
O when shall thy release from cumbrous flesh
Pass the great seal of Heav'n? what happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she sings
To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
The names, the honours, of her Saviour God,
His cross, his grave, his vict'ry, and his crown;
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them——
Or lies she now before th' eternal throne,
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd and self-abasement, at the sight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?
Seraphick crowns pay homage at his feet,
And her's amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems; but vain ambition,

And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride, for ever banifh'd flies the place,
Curs'd pride, the curfe of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love: O ftamp upon my foul
Some blifsful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my paffions and my eyes afide
From this dear breathlefs clay, diftreffing fight!
I look, and mourn, and gaze, with greedy view
Of melancholy fondnefs; tears bedewing
That form fo late defir'd, fo late belov'd,
Now loathfome and unlovely. Bafe difeafe
That leagu'd with nature's fharpeft pains, and fpoil'd
So fweet a ftructure! the empois'ning taint
O'erfpreads the building wrought with fkill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the duft.

Was this the count'nance where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? this the face
Where love triumph'd! and Beauty on thefe cheeks
As on a throne beneath her radiant eyes
Was feated to advantage, mild, ferene,
Reflecting rofy light! So fits the fun,
(Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimfon cloud
Near th[illegible] and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the fky, till rifing [illegible]
Portending night, with foul and heav[illegible]
Involve the golden ftar, and fink him [illegible]
Opprefs'd with darknefs——

On the death of an aged and honourable relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13. 1693.

I.

I Know the kindred mind: 'tis she, 'tis she;
Among the heav'nly forms I see
The kindred mind from fleshly bondage free;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed
With ghastly air and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between!

II.

Long did the earthy house restrain
In toilsome slav'ry that ethereal guest,
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her chain,
Till by the weight of num'rous days opprest
The earthy house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell,
The captive soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourscore years,
The pris'ner smil'd to be releast,
She felt her fetters loose and mounted to her rest.

III.

Gaze on my soul, and let a perfect view
Paint her [illegible] all anew;

Rase out those melancholy shapes of wo
That hang around thy mem'ry and becloud it so.
Come, Fancy, come with essences refin'd,
With youthful green and spotless white;
Deep be the tincture and the colours bright
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a shade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid;
But if the features too divine
Beyond the pow'r of fancy shine
Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a graceful shrine.

IV.

Describe the saint from head to feet;
Make all the lines in just proportion meet;
But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Observe how near it stands to the almighty seat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise
And joys unknown below the skies.
Virtue that lives conceal'd below
And to the breast confin'd
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories thro'
The features of the mind.

Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work compleat.

V.

The painter's Muse with piercing eye
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh *
That death had long disjoin'd;
"In the fair tablet they shall stand
"United by a happier hand,"
She said, and fix'd her sight and drew the manly mind.
Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round)
Since he was seen on earth no more;
He fought in lower seas and drown'd,
But victory and peace he found
On the superior shore:
There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.
Let the awful truncheon, and the flute,
The pencil and the wellknown lute,
Pow'rful numbers, charming wit,
And ev'ry art and science, meet
And bring their laurels to his hand or lay them at his

* My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts had such acquaintance with the mathematicks, painting, musick, poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

VI.

'Tis done; what beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done; the Muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece Urania from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A funeral poem on the death of Thomas Gunston, Esq; presented to the Right Hon. the Lady Abney, Lady Mayoress of London.

MADAM, *July 1701.*

Had I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse, but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your Ladyship will find throughout the poem that the fair and unfinished

building which he had just raised for himself gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts, for I pursue no other topicks of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves as my eyes and grief did from one part of the fabrick to the other; it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral which used to entertain our happy leisure, and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit; I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the criticks laugh at the folly of the Muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections; and I transcribe nature without art or rule, and represent Friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for publick view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least as to spend some pages in the character and

praiſes of the deceaſed; and thence have taken occaſion to call mankind to complain aloud of the univerſal and unſpeakable loſs: but I wrote merely for myſelf as a friend of the dead, and to eaſe my full ſoul by breathing out my own complaints: I knew his character and virtues ſo well that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myſelf, for the image of them was ever preſent with me, which kept the pain at the heart intenſe and lively, and my tears flowing with my verſe.

Perhaps your Ladyſhip will expect ſome divine thoughts and ſacred meditations mingled with a ſubject ſo ſolemn as this is. Had I formed a deſign of offering it to your hands I had compoſed a more Chriſtian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death ſo ſurpriſing that drew all the ſtrokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral ſtrain. Such as it is your Ladyſhip requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your ſoul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witneſs of that affectionate reſpect and honour that I bore him: all which, as your Ladyſhip's moſt rightful due both by merit and by ſucceſſion, is now humbly offered by,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt hearty

and obedient ſervant,

I. WATTS.

To the dear memory of my honoured friend

Thomas Gunston, Esq.

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, when he had just finished his seat at Newington.

Of blasted hopes and of short-with'ring joys
Sing heav'nly Muse: try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song:
Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,
Gunston the friend, is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! our soaring fancies rise
On treach'rous wings, and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.
How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting ev'ry lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while num'rous years
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres,
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw th' uncommon thread to an unusual length:
But hasty Fate thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes
And spreads false images in fair disguise

T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Fly quick away from the pursuing sight
Till they are lost in shades and mingle with the night.
Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair fabrick that thy dying friend
Built nameless; 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.
How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting! there a num'rous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign
While nations perish and long ages run,
Nations unborn and ages unbegun:
Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! the founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
And wait upon his hearse with never-ending cries.
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on ev'ry plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacred tears well water'd all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the sable road
But no dear son to attend the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.

O had he left us one behind to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say
"This was my father's!" with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend; but awful Fate
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.
And must this building then, this costly frame,
Stand here for strangers? must some unknown name
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hov'ring light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece:
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous; earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Fly the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say
"How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"
Th' unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
And ev'ry door groans doleful as it turns;

The pillars languiſh, and each lofty wall
Stately in grief laments the maſter's fall:
In drops of briny dew the fabrick bears
His faint reſemblance and renews my tears:
Solid and ſquare it riſes from below;
A noble air without a gaudy ſhow
Reigns thro' the model and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain: ſuch was the builder's ſoul.
"O how I love to view the ſtately frame,
That dear memorial of the beſt-lov'd name!
Then could I wiſh for ſome prodigious cave,
Vaſt as his fate and ſilent as his grave,
Where the tall ſhades ſtretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day and guard the ſunbeams off;
Thither my willing feet ſhould ye be drawn
At the gray twilight and the early dawn,
There ſweetly ſad ſhould my ſoft minutes roll
Numb'ring the ſorrows of my drooping ſoul.
But theſe are airy thoughts; ſubſtantial grief
Grows by thoſe objects that ſhould yield relief:
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
My grief from ev'ry proſpect courts a wound,
Views the green gardens, views the ſmiling ſkies,
Still my heart ſinks and ſtill my cares ariſe;
My wand'ring feet round the fair manſion rove,
And there to ſooth my ſorrows I indulge my love.
Oft, have I laid the awful Calvin by
And the ſweet Cowley, with impatient eye

To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear;
Still I behold some melancholy scene
With many a pensive thought and many a sigh between.
Two days ago we took th' evening air,
I and my grief and my Urania there;
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds and in full glory shone
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day:
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life and sunk among the dead.
The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again; but endless night
Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gunston lies;
He's set for ever and must never rise.
Then why these smiles, unseasonable star!
These lightsome smiles, descending from afar
To greet a mourning house? in vain the day
Breaks thro' the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors,
Bounding th' ev'ning and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds 'em, while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns thro' all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of Nature's face.
Yet Nature's wheels will on without control,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly bears walk round and watch the pole.

See while I ſpeak high on her ſable wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the eaſtern hill;
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold
How their brown pinions edg'd with ev'ning gold
Spread ſhadowing o'er the houſe, and glide away,
Slowly purſuing the declining day:
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit ſtill,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that ſhadows o'er his eyes
Hangs there unmoveable and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah, fruitleſs wiſh! how are his curtains drawn
For a long ev'ning that deſpairs the dawn!
Muſe, view the turret: juſt beneath the ſkies
Loneſome it ſtands, and fixes my ſad eyes,
As it would aſk a tear. O ſacred ſeat!
Sacred to friendſhip, O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noiſy Town my friend
From mortal cares retiring ſhould aſcend
And lead me thither. We alone would ſit,
Free and ſecure of all intruding feet;
Our thoughts ſhould ſtretch their longeſt wings and riſe,
Nor bound their ſoarings by the lower ſkies;
Our tongues ſhould aim at everlaſting themes,
And ſpeak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundleſs joys and glories, thrones and ſeats,
Built high in heav'n for ſouls: we'd trace the ſtreets

Of golden pavement, walk each bliſsful field,
And climb and taſte the fruits the ſpicy mountains yield;
Then would we ſwear to keep the ſacred road,
And walk right upwards to that bleſs'd abode;
We'd charge our parting ſpirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' almighty ſeat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus ſhould we mount on bold advent'rous wings
In high diſcourſe and dwell on heav'nly things,
While the pleas'd hours in ſweet ſucceſſion move
And minutes meaſur'd as they are above
By ever-circling joys and ever-ſhining love.
Anon our thoughts ſhou'd lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleaſing ſight,
A large round proſpect, of the ſpreading plain,
The wealthy river and his winding train,
The ſmoky city and the buſy men.
How we ſhould ſmile to ſee degen'rate worms
Laviſh their lives and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty ſound,
Till Envy riſe and ſhoot a ſecret wound
At ſwelling Glory! ſtraight the bubble breaks,
And the ſcenes vaniſh as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles, inſolent and proud,
Sink to the duſt and mingle with the crowd.
Man is a reſtleſs thing ſtill vain and wild,
Lives beyond ſixty nor outgrows the child;
His hurrying luſts ſtill break the ſacred bound
To ſeek new pleaſures on forbidden ground,

And buy them all to ſell 'em dear. Unthinking fool!
For a ſhort dying joy to ſell a deathleſs ſoul!
'Tis but a grain of ſweetneſs they can ſow,
And reap the long ſad harveſt of immortal wo.
 Another tribe toil in a diff'rent ſtrife,
And baniſh all the lawful ſweets of life
To ſweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear duſt yet darker than before,
And never dare to uſe a grain of all the ſtore.
 Happy the man that knows the value juſt
Of earthly things, nor is enſlav'd to duſt;
'Tis a rich gift the ſkies but rarely ſend
To fav'rite ſouls: then happy thou my friend,
For thou hadſt learnt to manage and command
The wealth that Heav'n beſtow'd with lib'ral hand;
Hence this fair ſtructure roſe, and hence this ſeat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we ſhall never meet
And ſmile, and love, and bleſs, each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunſton! from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd where my Gunſton lies.
 Come hither all ye tend'reſt ſouls that know
The heights of fondneſs and the depths of wo;
Young mothers who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghaſtly wound,
Ye frighted nymphs who on the bridal bed
Claſp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,

Come in the pomp of all your wild deſpair,
With flowing eyelids and diſorder'd hair,
Death in your looks, come mingle grief with me,
And drown your little ſtreams in my unbounded ſea.
You ſacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whoſe dear embraces hold
Beyond all Nature's ties, you that have known
Two happy ſouls made intimately one,
And felt a parting ſtroke, 'tis you muſt tell
The ſmart, the twinges, and the racks, I feel:
This ſoul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its ſide its deareſt half is torn,
The reſt lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh, infinite diſtreſs! ſuch raging grief
Should command pity and deſpair relief:
Paſſion methinks ſhould riſe from all my groans,
Give ſenſe to rocks and ſympathy to ſtones.
Ye duſky woods and echoing hills around
Repeat my cries with a perpetual ſound:
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Aſſiſt my ſorrows and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead: the humble plain
Muſt ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn ye gay ſmiling meadows, and be ſeen
In wintry robes inſtead of youthful green,
And bid the brook that ſtill runs warbling by
Move ſilent on and weep his uſeleſs channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd ſhould come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb;

The oak ſhall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding ſoul
with mine.
Ye ſtately elms, in your long order mourn*,
Strip off your pride to dreſs your maſter's urn;
Here gently drop your leaves inſtead of tears;
Ye elms, the rev'rend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the bluſt'ring rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To ſhow your ſorrows: often ye have ſeen
Our heads reclin'd upon the riſing green;
Beneath your ſacred ſhade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendſhip reign'd with an unbounded ſway:
Hither our ſouls their conſtant off'rings brought,
The burthens of the breaſt and labours of the thought;
Our op'ning boſoms on the conſcious ground
Spread all the ſorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled ev'ry care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleaſures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honeſt ſoul
We ſhare the heap, yet both poſſeſs the whole,
And all the paſſions there thro' both our boſoms roll.
By turns we comfort and by turns complain,
And bear and eaſe by turns the ſympathy of pain.
Friendſhip! myſterious thing, what magick pow'rs
Support thy ſway and charm theſe minds of ours!

* There was a long row of tall elms then ſtanding, where ſome years after the lower garden was made.

Bound to thy foot we boast our birthright still,
And dream of freedom when we've lost our will
And chang'd away our souls: at thy command
We snatch new mis'ries from a foreign hand
To call them ours, and thoughtless of our ease
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own,
As tho' our mother Nature could no more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares and lengthens out
the store:
Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slav'ry, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when Death dis-
solves the chain.
Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving Muse,
Wild and despairing, knows not what she does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores,
She is thy vot'ress too, and at thy shrine,
O sacred Friendship! offer'd songs divine
While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were thine.
Here to these shades at solemn hours we came
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliss: sweet lux'ry of the mind!
And sweet the aids of sense! each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an ev'ning breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently sporting thro' the trees;

The linnet and the lark their veſpers ſung,
And clouds of crimſon o'er th' horizon hung,
The ſlow-declining ſun with ſloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the weſtern hills.
Mourn ye young gardens; ye unfiniſh'd gates,
Ye green encloſures and ye growing ſweets
Lament, for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the ſilent moon
In conference divine, while heav'nly fire
Kindling our breaſts did all our thoughts inſpire
With joys almoſt immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's ſouls
In rapture and embraces. Oh, forbear,
Forbear, my ſong! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; ſuch joys as theſe
Fled from the earth for ever——
Oh for a gen'ral grief! let all things ſhare
Our woes that knew our loves: the neighb'ring air
Let it be laden with immortal ſighs,
And tell the gales that ev'ry breath that flies
Over theſe fields ſhould murmur and complain,
And kiſs the fading graſs and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep; this is an endleſs wound
Vaſt and incurable. Ye buildings know
His ſilver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:

At that dear sound no more shall he rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice.
Wo to my drooping soul! that heav'nly breath
That could speak life lies now congeal'd in death,
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.
  Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
Once more at least, one gentle word, and then
Gunston aloud I call: in vain I cry
Gunston aloud, for he must ne'er reply:
In vain I mourn and drop these fun'ral tears;
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears.
Wand'ring I tune my sorrows to the groves, [loves,
And vent my swelling griefs and tell the winds our
While the dear youth sleeps fast and hears them not:
He hath forgot me; in the lonesome vault,
Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay————
  But whither am I led? this artless grief
Hurries the Muse on, obstinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabrick to the neighb'ring ground:
The pleasing hours the happy moments past
In these sweet fields reviving on my taste
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.
Spread thy strong pinions once again my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roofs its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse, but only hears

The noisy tumults o: the realms on high;
The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows rattling show'rs
Lash the lead flats, above loud thunder roars;
But still the [illegible] sleeps, nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on ev'ry sense,
In vain the heav'nly thunders strive to rouse it thence.
One labour more, my Muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand: see thro' the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon,
And as she labours up to reach her noon
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night;
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
Thro' the mid heav'n, and overcomes the stars;
" So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
"We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
" We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies, he dies!
" Mistaken grief! to call the flesh thy friend!
" On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend;
" All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love
" And sung his welcome to the courts above;
" Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
" The buildings struck him with immense surprise;

"The spires all radiant and the mansions bright,
"The roof high vaulted with ethereal light;
"Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat
"In heav'nly diamond, and for ev'ry gate
"On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
"Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
"Millions of glories reign thro' ev'ry part;
"Infinite pow'r and uncreated art
"Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
"How it outshines the noblest seats below:
"The stranger fed his gazing pow'rs a while
"Transported, then with a regardless smile
"Glanc'd his eye downward thro' the crystal floor,
"And took eternal leave of what he built before."
Now, my Urania, leave the doleful strains;
Raphael commands, assume thy joys again:
In everlasting numbers sing, and say
"Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day,
"Gunston the friend lives still, and give thy groans away."

An elegy on Mr. Thomas Gouge.

To Mr. Arthur Shallet, merchant.

WORTHY SIR,

The subject of the following elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affections: scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this

addreſs acknowledg... the favours ſhe has received from the living, it is a double pleaſure to, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant, I. WATTS.

To the memory of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Gouge, who died Jan. 8. 1699-700.

I.

Ye virgin-ſouls, whoſe ſweet complaint
Could teach Euphrates not to flow *,
Could Sion's ruin ſo divinely paint
Array'd in beauty and in wo,
Awake, ye virgin-ſouls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful ſorrows dreſs a prophet's urn.
O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate ſuch charming grief,
I'd teach the ſeas and teach the ſkies
Wailings, and ſobs, and ſympathies
Nor ſhould the ſtones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks ſhall have eyes and ſtones have ears
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes
And ſent his miniſter of death
To ſcourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath;
He came commiſſion'd for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates;
There he eſſay'd the vengeance firſt,
Then took a diſmal aim and brought great Gouge to duſt.

* Pſal. cxxxvii. Lam. i. 2, 3.

III.

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the sound!
How vast the stroke is, and how wide the wound!
Oh painful stroke, distressing death!
A wound unmeasurably wide;
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he resign'd his breath.
The Muse that mourns a nation's fall
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And in deep sounding numbers tell
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak and England poor:
Nature herself with all her store
Can furnish such a pomp for Death no more.

IV.

The rev'rend man let all things mourn!
Sure he was some ethereal mind
Fated in flesh to be confin'd
And order'd to be born.
His soul was of th' angelick frame;
The same ingredients and the mould the same
When the Creator makes a minister of flame.
He was all form'd of heav'nly things;
Mortals! believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up thro' the ocean of the sky
Tow'rd the celestial coast!
With what amazing swiftness soar
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost!
Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her sight;
But angels, you can tell,
For oft' you met his wondrous flight
And knew the stranger well;
Say how he past the radiant spheres
And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the wellknown turnings of the golden streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strongwing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft' the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.

The countenance of God he saw,
Full of mercy full of awe,
The glories of his pow'r and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law
In that majestick face;
That face did all his gazing pow'rs employ
With most profound abasement and exalted joy.
The rolls of Fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by;
The volumes open'd to his eye,
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

VII.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne
Tell how his name was thro' the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own:
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blasphemers shrink and fear ‡.
Impudent tongues! to blast a Prophet's name!
The poison sure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust and blot the whitest fame.
Impudent tongues! you should be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Useless and dead till Slander die,
Till Slander die with you.

‡ Tho' he was so great and good a man he did not escape censure.

VIII.

"We ſaw him," ſay the ethereal throng,
"We ſaw his warm devotions riſe,
"We heard the fervour of his cries,
"And mix'd his praiſes with our ſong;
"We knew the ſecret flights of his retiring hours,
"Nightly he wak'd his inward pow'rs;
"Young Iſrael roſe to wreſtle with his God, [tow'rs
"And with unconquer'd force ſcal'd the celeſtial
"To reach the bleſſing down for thoſe that ſought
"Oft' we beheld the Thund'rer's hand [his blood.
"Rais'd high to cruſh the factious foe,
"As oft' we ſaw the rolling Vengeance ſtand
"Doubtful t'obey the dread command,
"While his aſcending pray'r upheld the falling blow."

IX.

Draw the paſt ſcenes of thy delight,
My Muſe, and bring the wondrous man to ſight;
Place him ſurrounded as he ſtood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A ſtream of harmony ran ſoft along,
And ev'ry ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its ſilver way
Till warm devotion rais'd the current ſtrong,
Then fervid zeal on the ſweet deluge rode,
Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiſcuous on the torrent flood,
And bore our raptur'd ſenſe away and thoughts and
ſouls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there,
No more return to breathe this grosser air,
This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care!

X.

But heav'nly scenes soon leave the sight
While we belong to clay,
Passions of terrour and delight
Demand alternate sway.
Behold the man whose awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
And swell the trumpet's warlike noise!
He stands the herald of the threat'ning skies;
Lo on his rev'rend brow the frowns divinely rise,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in [his eyes!
Round the high roof the curses flew,
Distinguishing each guilty head,
Far from th'unequal war the Atheist fled,
His kindled arrows still pursue,
His arrows strike the Atheist thro',
And o'er his inmost pow'rs a shudd'ring horrour [spread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the sound:
The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride sinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark despair and mingles with the dead.

XI.

Now Mufe affume a fofter ftrain,
Now footh the finner's raging fmart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the roaring confcience and affuage the pain.
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the fouls that guilt had flain,
And ftraight the dying rebel lives,
The dead arife again.
The op'ning fkies almoft obey
His pow'rful fong; a heav'nly ray
Awakes defpair to light and fheds a cheerful day.
His wondrous voice rolls back the fpheres,
Recalls the fcenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Thro' all his labours and his loves,
The anguifh of his crofs and triumphs of his throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The fteep afcent of Calvary,
And fets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celeftial forrow reigns,
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimfon of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words he fung the vital flood
Where all our fins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the fpear and balmy as the blood.

In his discourse divine
Afresh the purple fountain flow'd,
Our falling tears kept sympathetick time
And trickled to the ground,
While ev'ry accent gave a doleful sound,
Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring God.

XIII.

Down to the mansions of the dead
With trembling joy our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear Prince of Light reclines his head
Darkness and shades among:
With pleasing horrour we survey
The caverns of the tomb
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chains
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs;
The rising God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing strain!

XIV.

See the bright squadrons of the sky
Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,
Meet their returning Sov'reign and attend him high.
A shining car the Conq'ror fills
Form'd of a golden cloud
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,

And gnaws th' eternal braſs that binds him to the
The op'ning gates of bliſs receive their King, [wheels:
The Father-God ſmiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore and little cherubs ſing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory ſits faſt upon his head;
Dreſs'd in new light and beamy robes
His hand rolls on the ſeaſons and the ſhining globes,
And ſways the living worlds and regions of the dead.

XV.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below;
Vaſt was his truſt and great his ſkill,
Bright the credentials he could ſhow,
And thouſands own'd the ſeal.
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promiſe, and command;
He knew the pity of Imanuel's heart
And terrours of Jehovah's hand.
How did our ſouls ſtart out to hear
The embaſſies of love he bare,
While ev'ry ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!
Life's buſy cares a ſacred ſilence bound;
Attention ſtood with all her pow'rs,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleaſure of the ſound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

XVI.

But O my everlaſting grief!
Heav'n has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of ſorrows riſe,
Nor hope th' impoſſible relief.
Ye remnants of the ſacred tribe
Who feel the loſs come ſhare the ſmart,
And mix your groans with mine.
Where is the tongue that can deſcribe
Infinite things with equal art
Or language ſo divine?
Our paſſions want the heav'nly flame,
Almighty love breathes faintly in our ſongs,
And awful threat'nings languiſh on our tongues.
Howe is a great but ſingle name,
Amidſt the crowd he ſtands alone,
Stands yet, but with his ſtarry pinions on,
Dreſs'd for the flight and ready to be gone.
Eternal God! command his ſtay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could wiſh his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot 's come
And ſhining guards t'attend thy Prophet home,
Amidſt a thouſand weeping eyes
Send an Eliſha down, a ſoul of equal fire,
Or burn this worthleſs globe and take us to the ſkies.

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